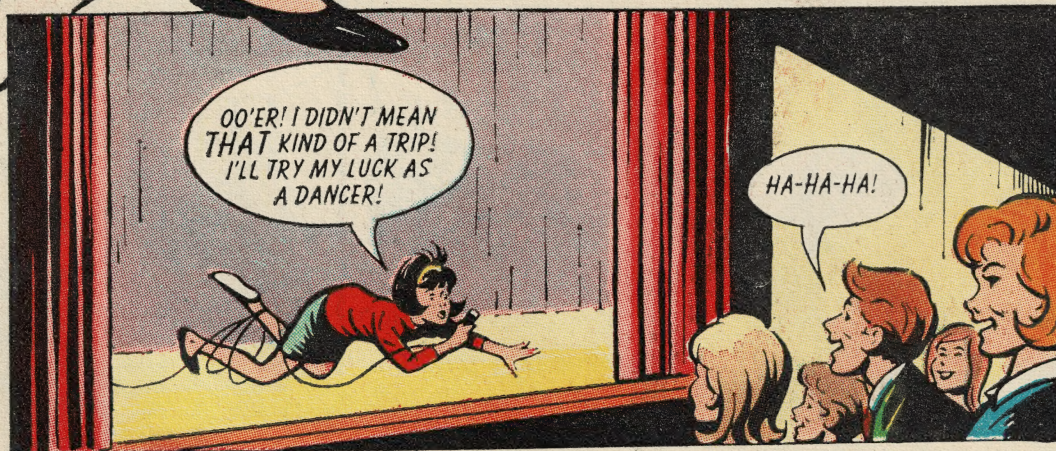


No. 47-DEC. 9, 1967

Mandy

EVERY THURSDAY PRICE 6d



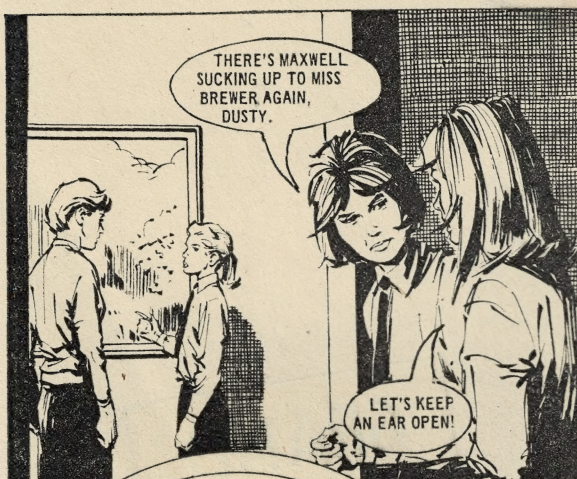
Continued on back page.

The secret listeners.

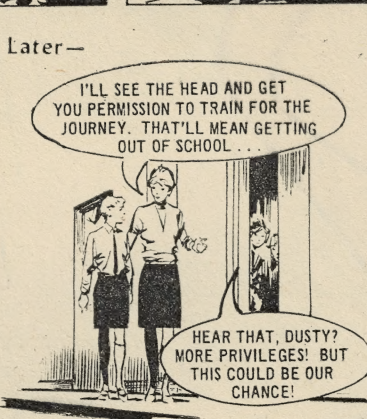
The Tests of Terry



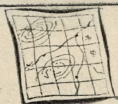
TERRY MAXWELL, wrongly sent to an approved school, still hoped to win a Bronze Award in the Duke of Edinburgh scheme. Terry had turned to the Adventure section of the award. She had been unjustly accused of a shop theft after two toughs, Dusty Merton and Teddie Barnes, had planted evidence against her. Now both Dusty and Teddie had been sent to the approved school for another offence.



Later—

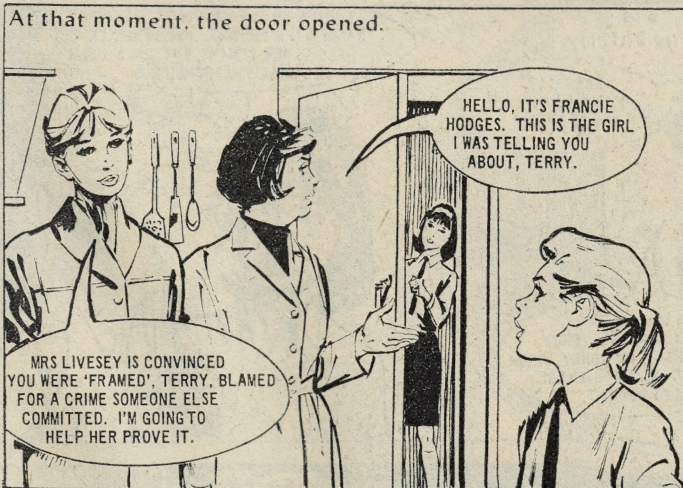


That evening.

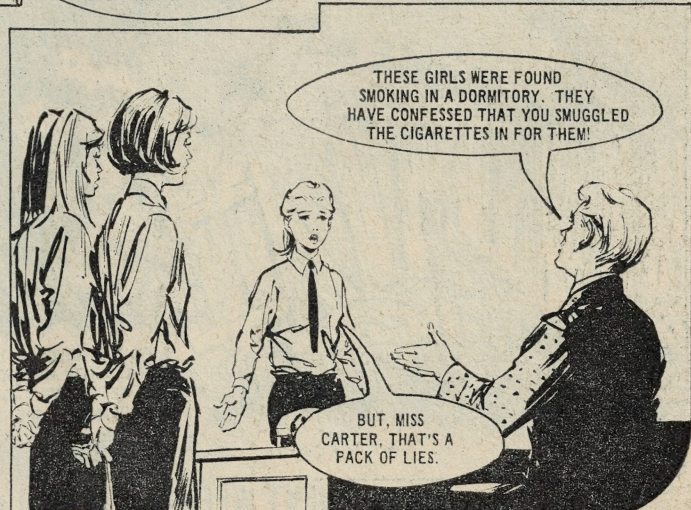
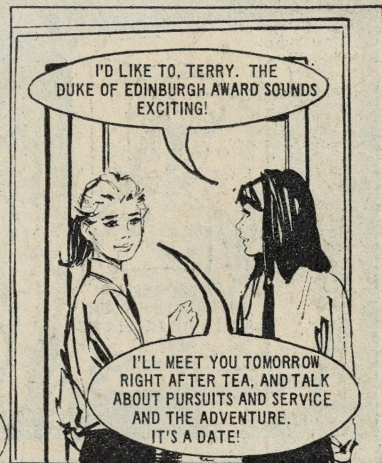


Bad news for Terry.

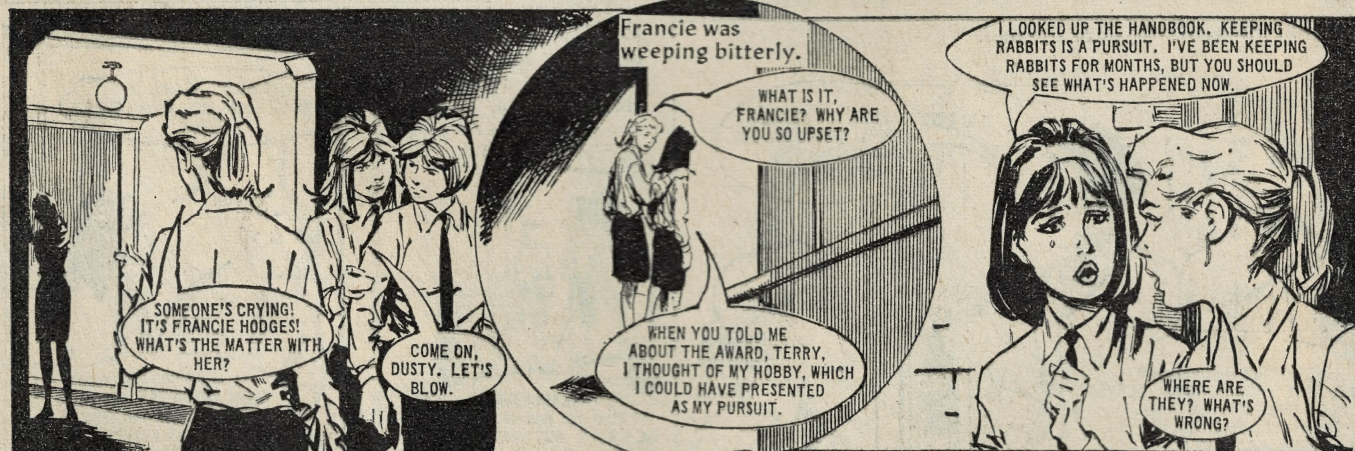
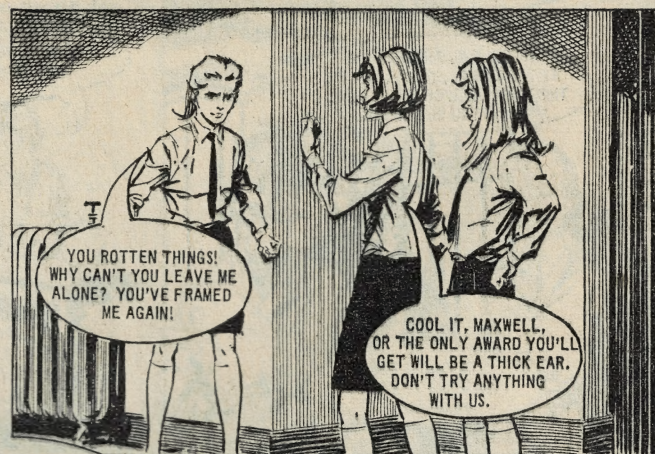
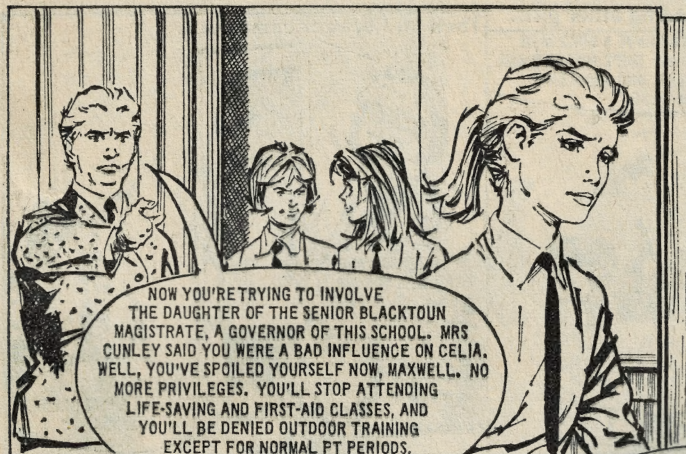
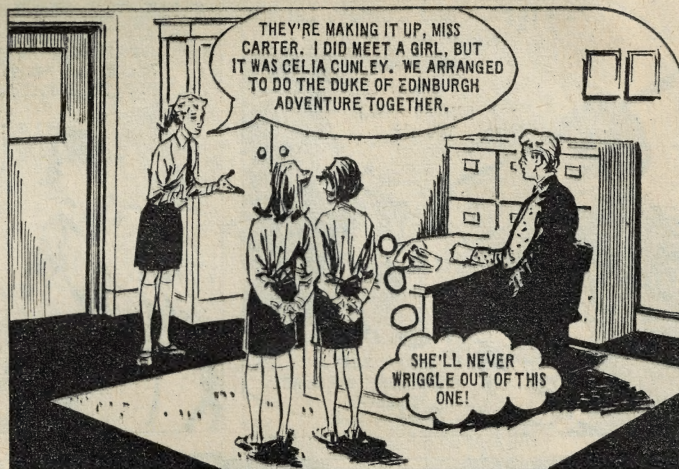
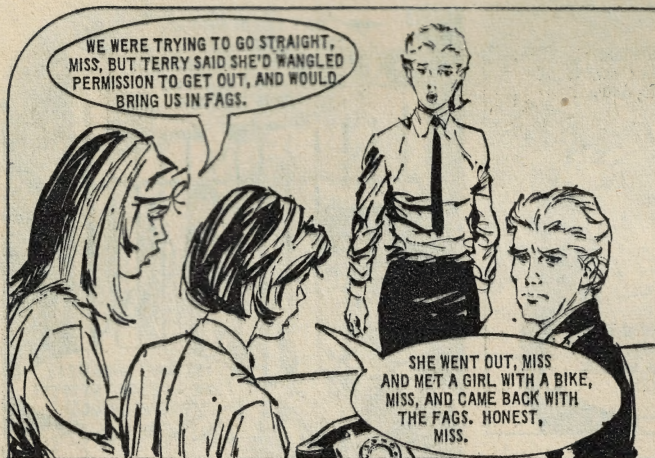
3



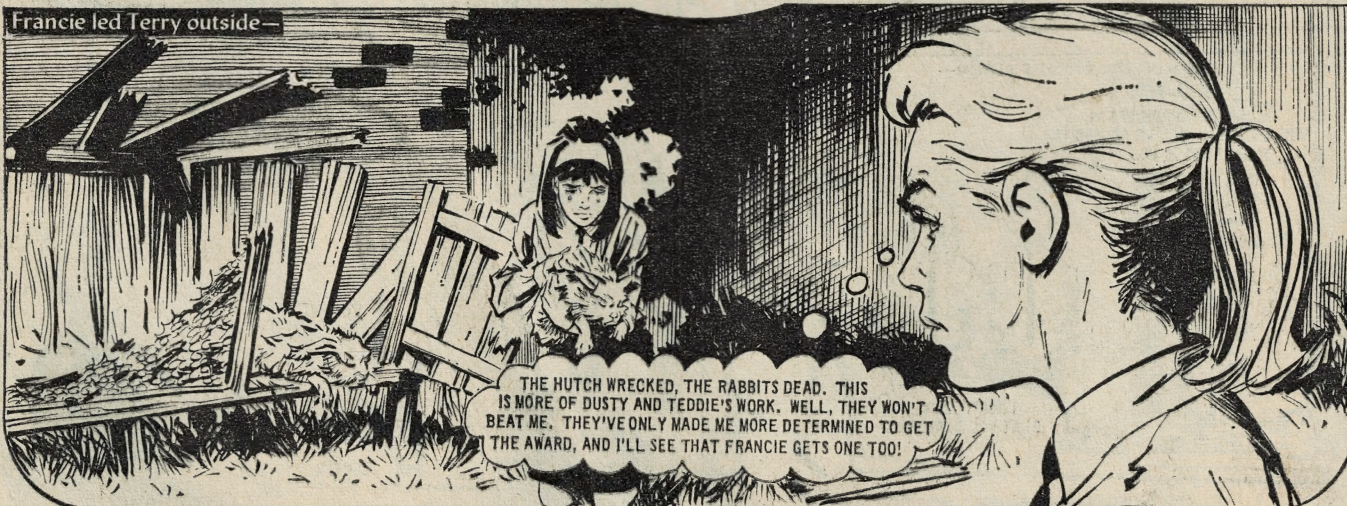
Francie Hodges had been sent to tell Terry that Miss Carter, the Headmistress, wished to see her.



Heartbreak for Terry's friend.



Francie led Terry outside—

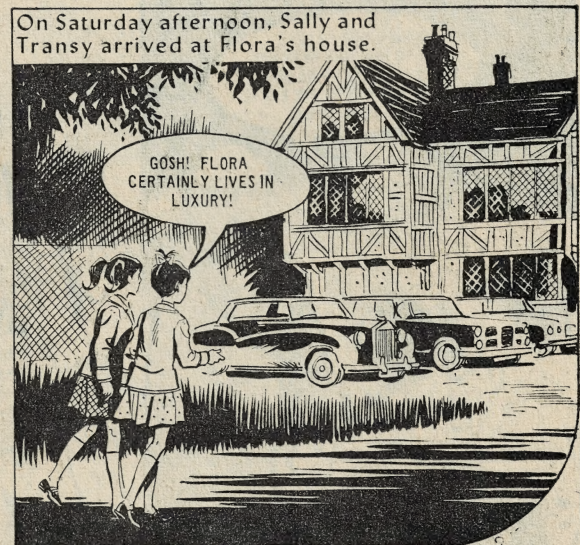
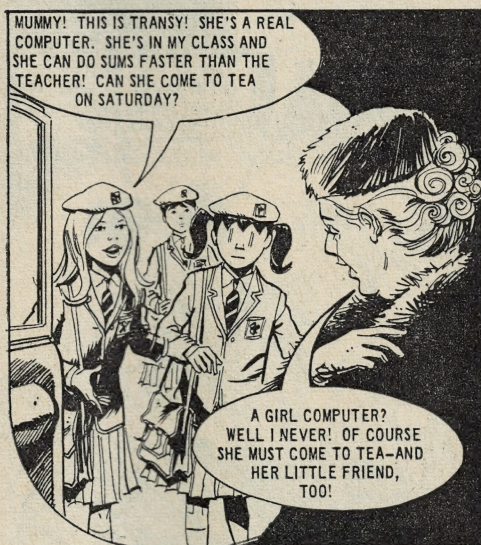
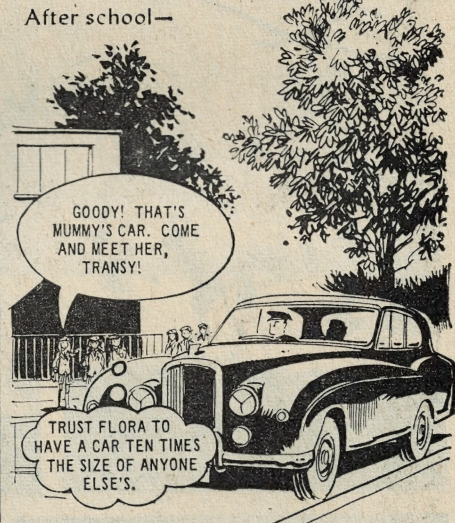


NEXT WEEK—An accident proves lucky for Terry.

The COMPUTER WORE PIGTAILS

YOUNG Sally Gleade was given the job of sister to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a twelve-year-old school-girl. This was part of an experiment being conducted by I.T.M. (Imperial Transistor Machines), a firm specialising in the development of computers in human form. Sally had to feed Transy with special plastic programmes to enable her to take part in the various activities at Leewood School.

One day when Sally and Transy were on their way to school—

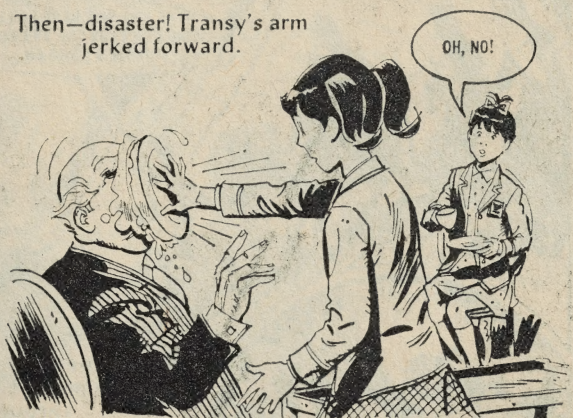
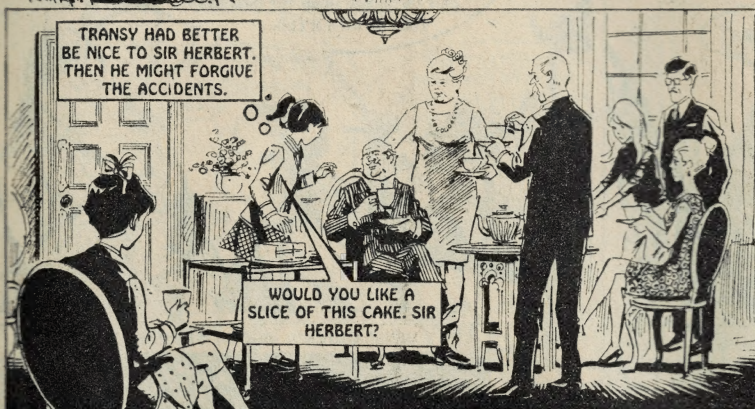
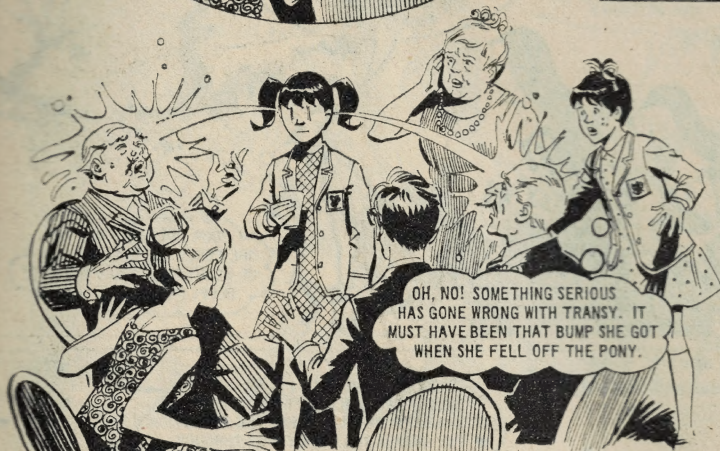


Transy shakes hands—and a guest!



The cream cake calamity.

7



NEXT WEEK—Meet Transy, the lightning artist.

The Escape!

The COURAGE of LITTLE PEARL



LITTLE PEARL, a young orphan brought up by four nuns in Northern China, was determined to lead the nuns to safety in Hong Kong as their lives were in danger from Liberation Guards, who had the country in their power.

Before they started out on their journey, they salvaged what they could from the convent which the guards had destroyed.

THEY HAVE DESTROYED THE CHAPEL, HOLY PICTURES, BOOKS—EVERYTHING.

WE CAN ONLY PRAY FOR THEIR FORGIVENESS.



THEY HAVEN'T DESTROYED EVERYTHING. HERE'S A RUG WE CAN MAKE INTO A DONKEY'S SADDLE, SOME RICE WINE, SISTER MARIE'S LITTLE MEDICINE BOX, AND REVEREND MOTHER'S BIBLE. AND THERE'S FOOD TOO IF WE CAN FIND BASKETS TO HOLD IT.

BLESS YOU, LITTLE PEARL, YOU HAVE PROVIDED FOR BODY AND SOUL.



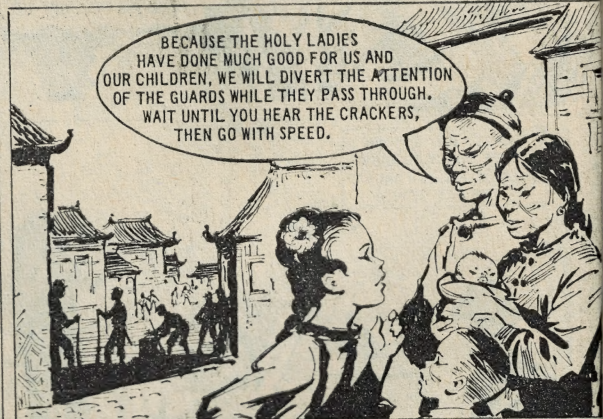
COME ALONG, SISTER CLARE. WE MUST GET CLEAR OF THE VILLAGE BEFORE THE GUARDS ARE AWAKE.

POOR SISTER CLARE, SHE FEELS THE DESTRUCTION OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS THE MOST DEEPLY OF US ALL.

The Liberation Guards were camped in the village which lay ahead.



IF YOU WAIT HERE I WILL FIND OUT FROM THE VILLAGERS IF IT IS SAFE TO GO ON.



BECAUSE THE HOLY LADIES HAVE DONE MUCH GOOD FOR US AND OUR CHILDREN, WE WILL DIVERT THE ATTENTION OF THE GUARDS WHILE THEY PASS THROUGH. WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR THE CRACKERS, THEN GO WITH SPEED.



Whilst the guards were trying to catch their animals, Little Pearl led the nuns through the village.

THEY'VE LET OFF CRACKERS MEANT FOR THE SUMMER FESTIVAL.

PRaise BE THEY ENJOY THEIR FUN NOW.

They were quickly out of sight of the village.



I BELIEVE IT IS NEARLY TWENTY MILES THROUGH THESE RAVINES AND THE FORESTS TO YENSUNG, THE NEXT VILLAGE. WHAT SHALL WE DO IF WE MEET MORE LIBERATION GUARDS?

WE MUST TRY TO KEEP OUT OF THEIR WAY.

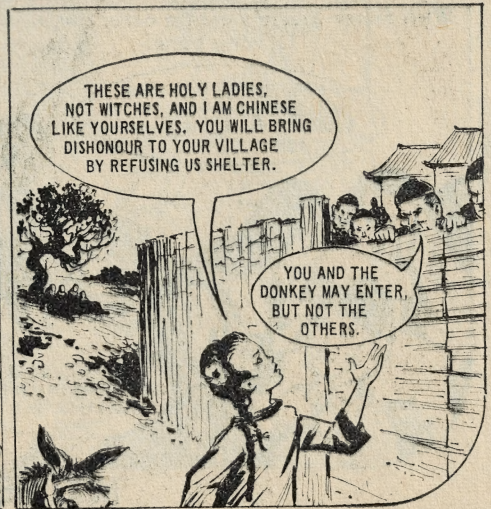




Unknown to Little Pearl and her friends, they were being watched.



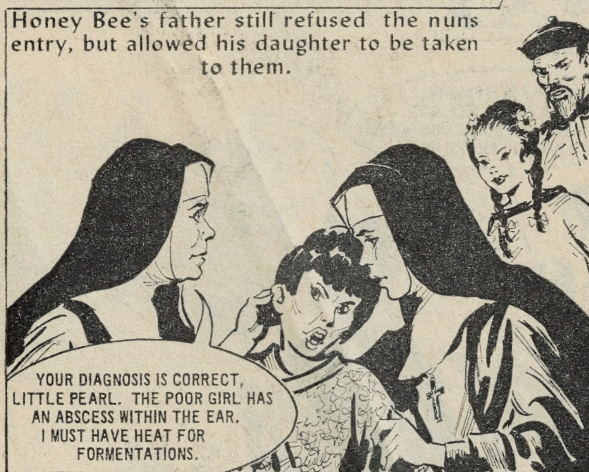
The watcher returned to his village—



A cure for evil spirits.



Honey Bee's father still refused the nuns' entry, but allowed his daughter to be taken to them.



The travellers slept safely that night. Next morning—

With Sister Marie's gentle care, the pain was soon gone.



NEXT WEEK—The nuns are at the mercy of a warlord.



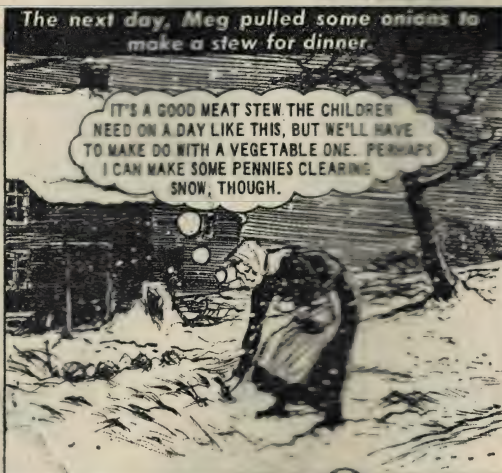
The Willing Hands of Meg Smith



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Meg Smith looked after her younger brothers and sisters when her widower father died. Meg would turn her hand to any job to earn a few pence, for in Victorian days money was hard to come by. With winter approaching, Meg was faced with the problem of warm clothing for the children.



THIS NEWSPAPER IN THE LINING OF THE BOYS' JACKETS WILL KEEP THEM A BIT WARMER. ANNIE NEEDS A CLOAK BUT I'LL HAVE TO CUT DOWN MINE FOR HER AND MAKE DO WITH A SHAWL MYSELF.



The next day, Meg pulled some onions to make a stew for dinner.

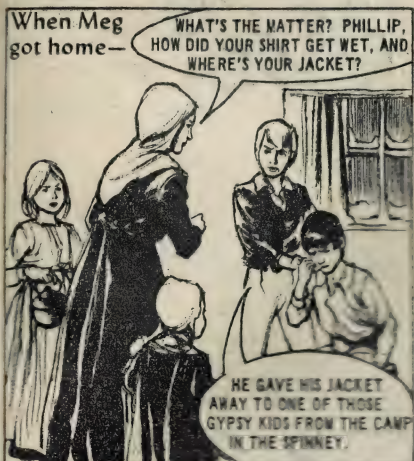
IT'S A GOOD MEAT STEW THE CHILDREN NEED ON A DAY LIKE THIS, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH A VEGETABLE ONE. PERHAPS I CAN MAKE SOME PENNIES CLEARING SNOW, THOUGH.



That afternoon, Meg got a job.

I'M COLD, MEG. I WANT TO GO HOME.

SOON, JANE, VERY SOON. YOU JUMP ABOUT IN THE SNOW—THAT'LL KEEP YOU WARM. I MUST FINISH AND EARN THE SIXPENCE.



When Meg got home—

WHAT'S THE MATTER? PHILLIP, HOW DID YOUR SHIRT GET WET, AND WHERE'S YOUR JACKET?

HE GAVE HIS JACKET AWAY TO ONE OF THOSE GYPSY KIDS FROM THE CAMP IN THE SPINNEY.



I—I HAD TO. HE WAS ILL. WITH COLD. DON'T BE ANGRY, MEG.

I'LL GO AND GET IT BACK TOMORROW.



But next day—

THE GYPSIES HAVE MOVED ON! AND OUR PHILLIP'S JACKET HAS GONE WITH THEM. HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GO TO SCHOOL AGAIN UNTIL I'VE MONEY FOR ANOTHER ONE.



That evening, when Meg was getting the children ready for bed, there was a sound at the door.

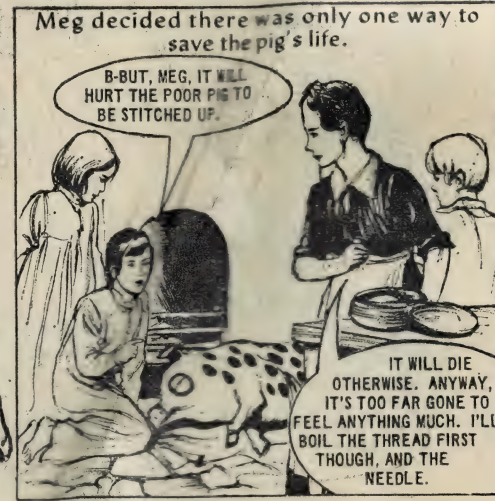
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? P'RAP'S IT'S A FOX, MEG. DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.

WHATEVER IT IS, I'M GOING TO FACE IT. BILLY, FETCH ME THE POKER.



A PIG WITH RED SPOTS! IT'S HURT BADLY, MEG.

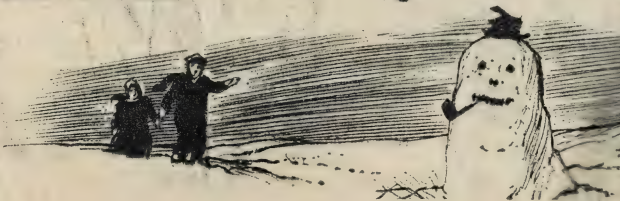
BACK IN FROM THE COLD, YOU LOT, OR YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD. I'LL BRING THE PIG IN.



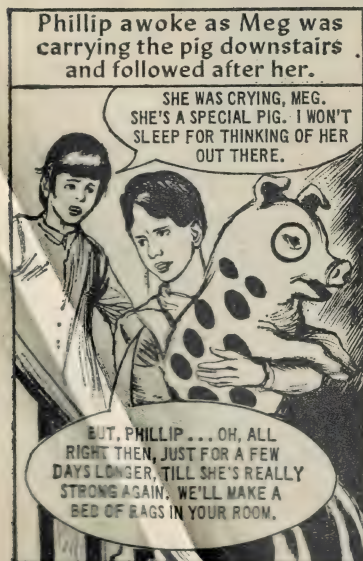
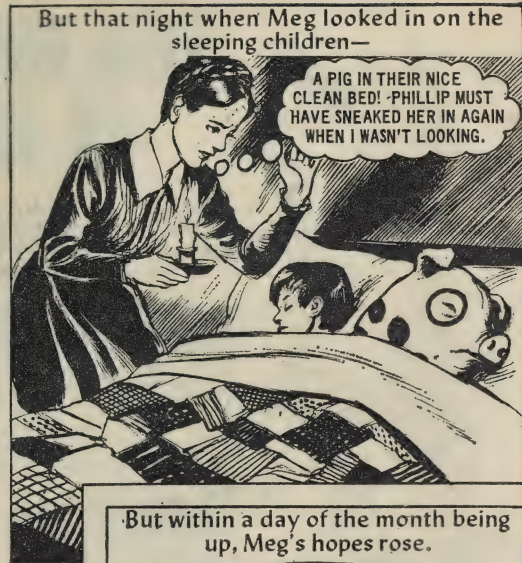
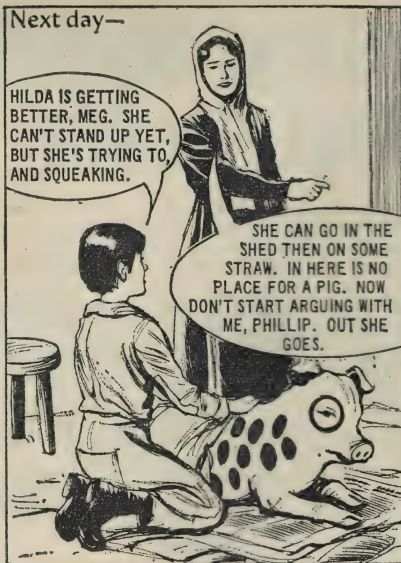
Meg decided there was only one way to save the pig's life.

B-BUT, MEG, IT WILL HURT THE POOR PIG TO BE STITCHED UP.

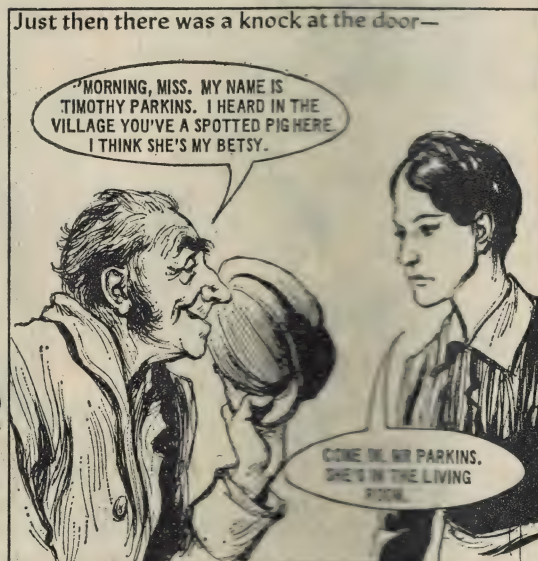
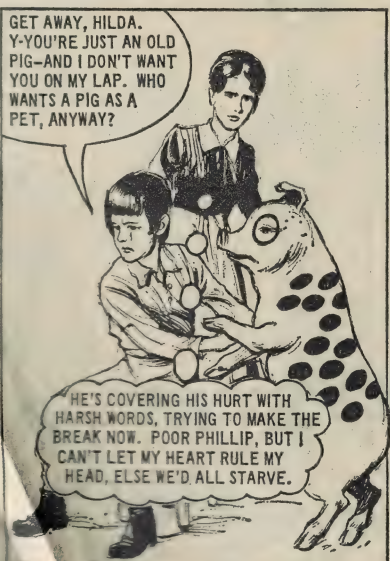
IT WILL DIE OTHERWISE. ANYWAY, IT'S TOO FAR GONE TO FEEL ANYTHING MUCH. I'LL BOIL THE THREAD FIRST THOUGH, AND THE NEEDLE.



The puzzle of the performing pig!



Gently Meg explained that she would sell Hilda at the market.



The mystery parcel!

Mr Parkins got a warm welcome from Hilda—



Over dinner, Timothy explained that his dead wife had taught the pig tricks, but, after she had died, Timothy had taken to the road as a tramp. He had painted red spots on Betsy and earned money by getting her to perform at fairs, until he had been taken sick. After being nursed by a farmer's wife, he set out to find Betsy.

I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING MY BETSY'S LIFE, FOR GIVING HER CARE AND LOVE. I WISH I COULD PAY YOU BUT I'VE ONLY TWO COPPERS TO RUB TOGETHER.



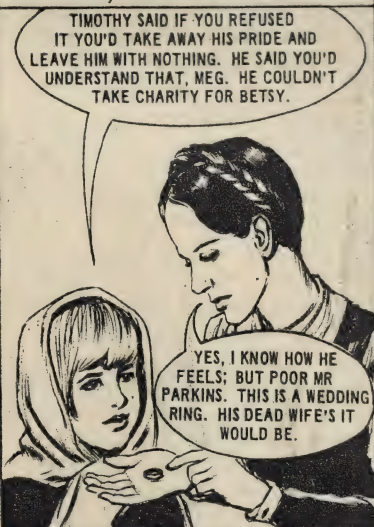
Back at the house—



Meanwhile, outside school, Mr Parkins was waiting for Billy.



When Billy returned from school—



They sold the ring in Oakley on the Saturday and bought a second-hand jacket for Phillip in the market place. Afterwards—



But later—



Billy befriends a gypsy and becomes a bother to Meg—NEXT WEEK.

Prince Chula sets off through the jungle—alone!



THE GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND

IT was like a nightmare, Joan told herself as she watched the elephant with Prince Chula clinging precariously on to its back, approach the convoy of soldiers. A nightmare in which she wanted to run, but her limbs, leaden with fear, wouldn't move.

"They've seen him!" came in an agonised whisper from the old man, Karim.

The lorries had stopped now, and some soldiers were getting out. Karim pulled a sharp-looking knife from his belt.

He began to hobble forward, limping from his fall, wincing with the pain movement caused him.

"Stop, Karim!"

Suddenly the scene was real, and Joan could think more clearly. She grabbed him by the arm.

"Stop?" he repeated. His face hardened. "Or do you mean run away from our two-year-old Prince?"

"I could have run away from him days ago," Joan said evenly. "Gone to Colonel Suyin, explaining that, in the confusion of evacuating the British Consulate, I got left behind. I could have, if Chula's nurse hadn't died at my feet after begging me to save him."

The old man flushed.

"I ask your pardon," he said very low. "But, Joan, we can't let them kill the child."

"We can't rush in, you waving your knife and giving the game away," Joan retorted. "They don't know yet it is the Prince—his girl's clothing will deceive them for a while. Everything depends on what Prince Chula says to them."

The soldiers had headed off the elephant and brought it to a halt. One of them was lifting down Prince

Chula, and he was yelling with fright.

"Right," Joan said. She gave an arm to Karim. "Chula isn't talking just yet, too busy howling. Lean heavily on my arm, Karim. Look dodderly, as though you couldn't harm a fly. You are my grandfather, Chula is my sister. Our parents were killed by Royalist soldiers and now I am trying to get you and my sister to relatives who will give us a home."

They began to move forward. Joan could feel the tension in the old man.

"Courage," she told him.

Her pulse was beating rapidly, and the perspiration standing out on her brow wasn't entirely due to the heat of the sun. She made herself think of her father, and how calm he was under stress. She must try to behave as he would, making good use of the intelligence and keen wits that were her inheritance from him. As they walked towards the soldiers she remembered the last time she had seen her father.

It was the day Colonel Suyin had brought off a successful revolt giving him control of Cambada, to which country Mr Bryant had been the British Consul. All the Royal family had been killed except little Prince Chula, who had been saved by his nursemaid.

"Help him," she had said to Joan with her dying breath.

"I will," Joan murmured now, moving closer to the soldiers.

JOAN'S BOLD REQUEST.

THEY reached the soldiers, one of whom was holding Chula in his arms, trying to comfort him. He looked and sounded kindly, and Joan decided he was probably a family man.

For all that, if he knew he was holding Prince Chula he would take no steps to save the boy being shot. Colonel Suyin would deal without mercy with any soldier who softened towards the Prince.

"Don't cry, little girl," the soldier was saying. "What are you doing here alone? Where are your people?"

"I—I'm not a—" Chula only managed to get those few words out when, with an angry shout, Joan ran forward and gave him a hard slap on the leg.

"Naughty girl!" she scolded. "To give Grandfather and I such a fright. Haven't enough bad things happened to us with out you making the elephant run off and almost breaking your neck?"

She grabbed him from the soldier, put him across her knee and spanked him soundly. Chula began to wail and weep, to talk all at once. But his weeping drowned out his words.

"Come now!" The soldier who had been holding Chula spoke chidingly. "Hasn't the child been punished enough with the fright she got?"

"She is nothing but trouble," Joan said with a scowl. She turned Chula right side up and shook him hard, feeling a beast as she did so. But she needed him tearful and timid. Scared enough that he would not talk and give away his identity.

"The elephant—he took some catching. I can tell you, and he was for our grandfather to ride on because he is old and lame. My sister whined till I let her have a ride and then kicked the elephant so hard it ran off with her."

"What is going on here?" the officer in charge of the convoy, a young lieutenant—

A letter to Mandy may win a prize for YOU!

ant had left his car and come back along the line of vehicles. The soldier explained, and the officer gave Joan a keen look.

"Where are you from?" he asked, and his eyes went to the weeping Chula. Joan told her story, and then, with great bitterness, continued—

"The Royals! They made us poor and then their soldiers shot down my father, mother and my brothers just because they were poor. No other reason."

"Long live Colonel Suyin," the officer said with enthusiasm. "Soon there will be no poor in Cambada." He turned back to his soldiers. "We move on. Enough time has been wasted."

Then Joan had a daring idea. The convoy was moving in the direction they wanted to go. She looked at Karim, very near to collapse from the pain in his leg.

"Will you give us a ride to the next village?" she asked boldly. "That is where I hope to find our relatives. My father's cousin and his family. The old man—" She jerked a thumb in Karim's direction. "He is tired, and I can't carry him and my sister. You can see how old and feeble he is. Feeble in the head, too!"

Karim took his cue and let his mouth hang open as though dull-witted.

"Tired," he repeated in a petulant whine. "I'm an old man."

The officer hesitated and then

shrugged.

"You can travel on the rear lorry," he said. "You'll have to sit on the back, on top of the cases of cartridges."

"Better than walking," Joan said with a grin.

She carried Chula, still weeping, to the rear of the lorry, and a soldier held the child while she clambered aboard. Then he handed the Prince up to her and helped Karim climb up. A few moments later and they were off.

"You took a great risk," Karim chided. "To travel with Colonel Suyin's men! Aieee!"

"It's the safest way to travel," Joan retorted. "Those soldiers are on the watch for two fugitives. Not for three. And they won't have suspicions about three people begging a lift from them. It's the last thing we would be expected to do. How's your leg?" she added. "You look pretty grim."

"It is nothing," Karim said briefly. "Don't worry about me."

Chula was still whimpering, and now he pulled away from her towards Karim.

"You are not nice," he told her. "You shouted at me and—and smacked me and told lies about me. It was not my fault the elephant ran away."

"I know," Joan said with a sigh. "But I had to do it, Chula."

"I don't like this game," Chula cuddled up to the old man who put an arm about him. "It's horrid, and I want to go home."

"Me, too!" Joan said with fervour, and sighed again. "You're right, Chula. It's not a nice game, but we have to play it, and we have to win."

Chula scowled at her, put his thumb in his mouth and sucked away at it, seeking comfort. A few minutes later, to Joan's relief, he fell asleep.

Almost an hour later, the lorry stopped and the driver stuck his head out of the window and yelled to Joan that this was as near to the village as they went.

"I hope you find your relatives," he added.

"Me, too!" Joan muttered, thinking of her father.

She helped Karim down, handed Chula, still sleeping, to Karim, then jumped down herself. The lorry

moved off and at the same time Karim swayed, eyes closed, face contorted with pain. Joan grabbed Chula a moment before the old man went down.

"Karim!"

She laid Chula down to the side of the road and knelt by him.

"Karim!"

His eyes flickered open for a moment, pain-filled.

"Leg."

He groaned and passed out again. Joan, with an effort, got him off the road, then knelt by him again and, using his knife, cut half-way up one trouser leg. Karim's leg was bruised, badly swollen, and the shin bone looked an odd shape. Joan had been a keen member of a first-aid class at her school, and she recognised the symptoms.

"A Pott's fracture," she said aloud and suddenly she felt weighed down by a sense of depression and hopelessness. "It's not fair!" the words came out in a near groan. "It's too much! I've Chula to keep safe, and now an old man with a fractured leg!"

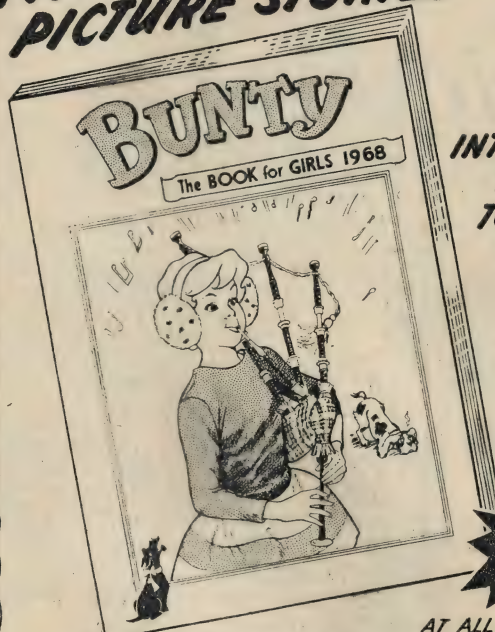
She couldn't hold back the tears. They streamed down her face and she just knelt, weeping for a full minute. Then wiping away her tears with the back of her hand, she looked at Karim's lined old face. She saw the extra lines, those of pain about his mouth.

She thought of what he had endured, walking the lower slopes of the mountain towards the convoy. And that without so much as a moan, or word of complaint. She remembered how he had hidden her and Chula from the soldiers in the cave, finding food for them, and tackling this long and dangerous journey out of loyalty to the Prince.

"Karim," she whispered. "I'm sorry." She glanced towards the woods

(Continued on Page 21.)

THE BOOK THAT'S PACKED WITH EXCITING PICTURE STORIES



WITH
PAGES
OF
INTERESTING
THINGS
TO MAKE
AND
DO



7/6

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

Also type stories for a good long read

128 PAGES
ALL IN LOVELY COLOUR



Be a generous Santa for 10/6

Give your parents a Romac Steering Wheel Glove for the car. It will keep their hands comfortably warm when driving in the winter. Six exciting colours.

From accessory shops, garages, Halfords.

THE ORIGINAL
ROMAC
STEERING WHEEL GLOVE



A MILLION STAMPS FREE!

Write now for your share—100 different plus RUSSIAN, plus SPACE stamps—in all a valuable collection. All absolutely free to those who request discount approvals and enclose two 3d stamps for return postage and packing.
BAYONA STAMP CO. (MD).
291 London Road, Leftwich Green,
Northwich Cheshire.

Help from the sky!

The DOOR to YESTERDAY



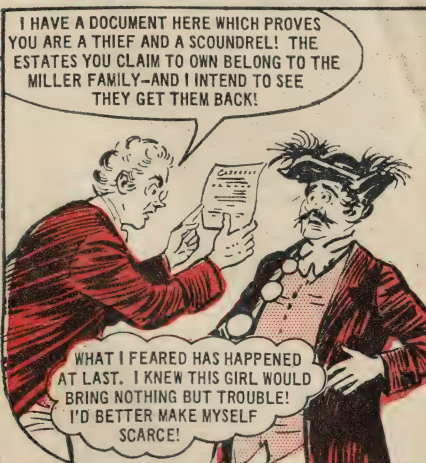
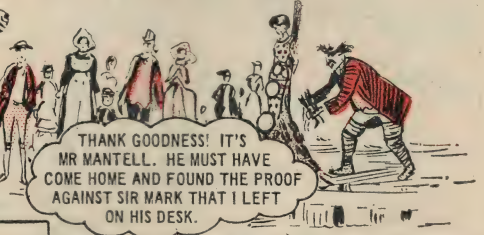
TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Kerry Hollis discovered that an old wardrobe in her aunt's attic was really a time machine that could take her back to the year 1767.

In 1767, Kerry made friends with Penelope Miller, a young scullery maid in the house of Mr Mantell, who had invented the time-machine. Penelope's brother, Alfred, was being hunted by Sir Mark Grayson, a cruel landowner, and Kerry had discovered that Alfred was the rightful owner of Sir Mark's estates.

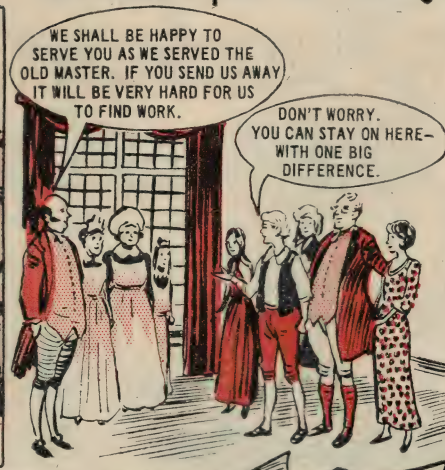
Afraid that Kerry would present the proof of her discovery, Sir Mark had her condemned as a witch.



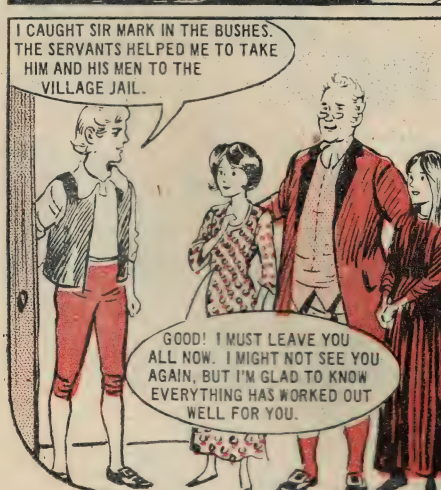
Angrily, Sir Mark started to pile up the wood himself. Then—



Sir Mark's plan for revenge!



But Sir Mark still had two of his rough-necks with him, and that night—



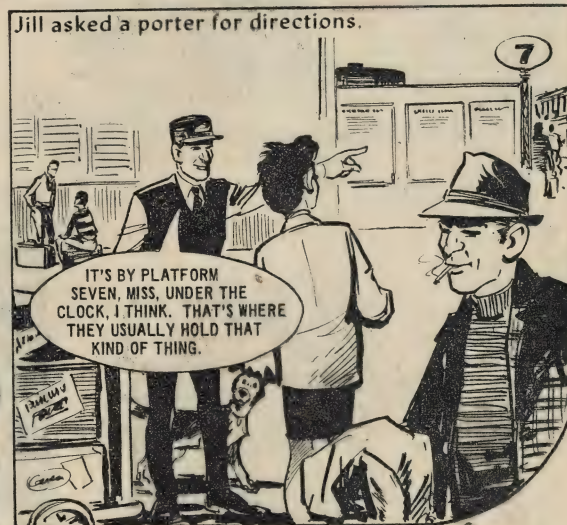
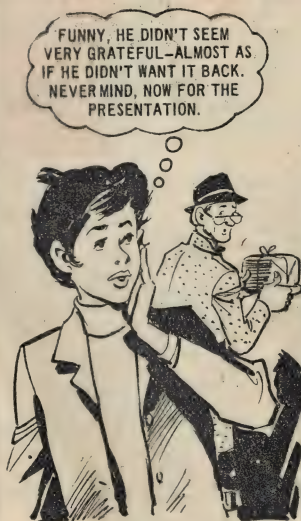
The End

STARTS NEXT WEEK—The amazing story of a dress with a secret power—"The Dress of Destiny".

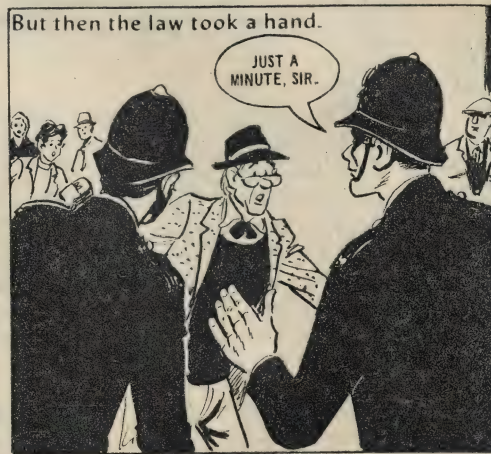
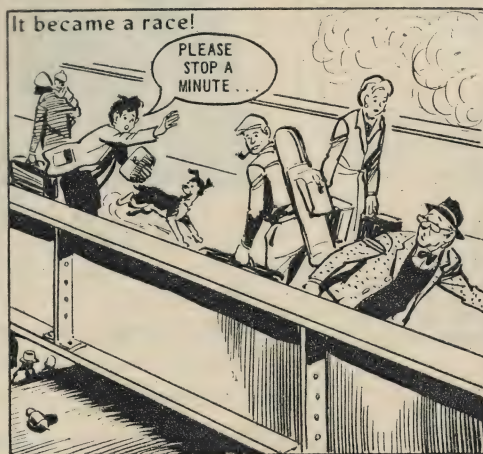
The stranger at the station.

Jill - Junior Reporter

JILL COOPER, Junior Reporter on the "Daily Echo", one of the country's biggest newspapers, was at her desk one morning when Sid Trent, the senior reporter, came over.



The Bomber is caught!



NEXT WEEK—Jill is arrested—as a pirate!

Letters from YOU to Mandy.



Hello, Girls!

There's another surprise for you next week—two super new stories are starting—"The Dress of Destiny" and "Shirley and Her Shadow." You can read more about them on Page 28.

Many of you have written to say how much you enjoyed our first crossword competition. We have another one for you this week, on page 21, and there's a super prize to be won. So get on your thinking caps and see what you can do!

'Bye for now,

Mandy

RHYMING MUDDLE.

I have a budgie called Shandy. He is very talkative and can recite poems such as "Humpty Dumpty" and "Little Bo-Peep." When England won the World Cup we taught him to say "England for the Cup" and were highly amused one day when he said, "Humpty Dumpty for the Cup."

—**Jackie Fletcher, Portsmouth.**

It must have been the egg-cup, Jackie.

TONGUE TWISTER.

I thought I heard a thump and thud of thirty thick-shod hooves, thumping through the thicket and thundering on the roofs. I think the noise I thought I heard was Arthur doing sums, thudding with his thick-soled shoes and thumping with his thumbs.

—**Elaine Seaton, Northampton.**

I think you deserve the postal order just for being able to remember it all, Elaine.

MAY QUEEN.

This photograph of me was taken when I was May Queen at my school. My big sister and my cousin have both been May Queens and, like me, they found it very exciting. The vicar's wife crowned me, and then gave me a silver cross and chain, which I wear only on special occasions.

A postal order goes to Janice Walker, Asselby, for sending me this charming photograph.

JUST GOOD FRIENDS.

I hope you like the photograph of my two pets, Omo the mouse, and Fritz the kitten. They are very friendly and will spend hours playing with each other.

—**Kim Murphy, Birmingham.**

They look a real pair of pals.

A FISHY STORY.

A few weeks ago I entered a fishing competition at Southsea. It was a miserable day, but we still went. When we got there we went on the boat and were each given a fishing rod. At first, I only caught two crabs, then I felt a big bite on the rod. I brought it up and there was a huge eel. When we got back, the eel weighed 12½ oz., and won first prize—a lovely tennis racket.

—**Alison Hues, Portsmouth.**

That must have been one of the ones that didn't get away.

THE HISTORY OF TOYTOWN.

While I was on holiday in Edinburgh, I visited with my aunt, "The Museum of Childhood." It was very interesting for it told you all about the old-fashioned toys and books through the ages. The earliest toys were wooden jig-saws made in 1780.

One of the main attractions was an enormous doll's house, which had eighteen rooms and electric lighting.

—**Diane Cook, Woodford Halse, nr. Rugby.**

It certainly sounds fascinating, Diane.

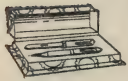
STRANGERS ON THE SHORE.

This is a picture of me and a friend whom I met on holiday at the seaside. We didn't know each other at first, but we soon became firm friends.

—**Jane Nee, Marton.**

Your four-legged friend certainly looks nice, Jane.

A super competition for every "Mandy" reader.



WIN A SUPER PEN AND PENCIL SET

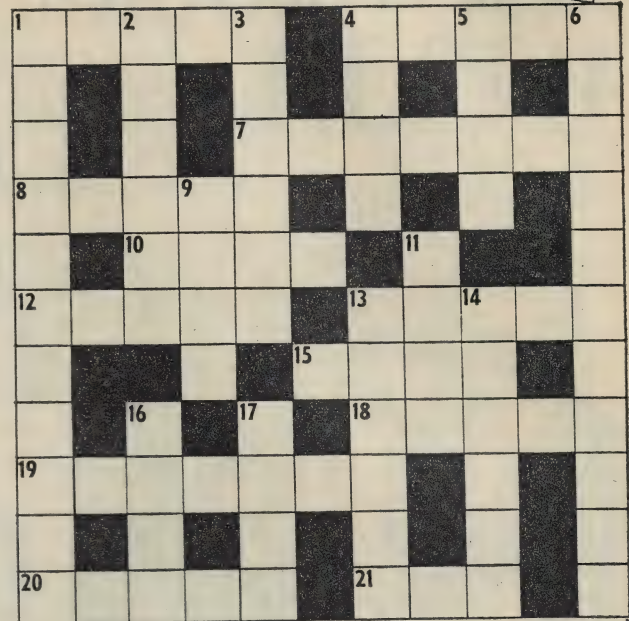


CLUES ACROSS

- 1—Not correct English.
- 4—Tended.
- 7—You can count on these.
- 8—Have faith in.
- 10—Part in a play.
- 12—Foe.
- 13—Bird.
- 15—Boy's name.
- 18—Fish.
- 19—To draw attention to.
- 20—No prize for being this.
- 21—Night before.

CLUES DOWN

- 1—Country in Europe.
- 2—To make certain.
- 3—Soothingly.
- 4—Bird's crest.
- 5—A type of dance.
- 6—Arrival point.
- 9—A few.
- 11—Trip.
- 13—A baby plays with it.
- 14—Garment.
- 16—To daze.
- 17—You can bake this.



WOULD you like to win a dainty pen and pencil set and be the envy of all your friends? If you would, all you have to do is complete this crossword and the entry form attached, and send them to:—

"Crossword," MANDY, 18a Hollingsworth Street, London, N.7.

Any "Mandy" reader can enter, and prizes will be awarded for the first FORTY correct solutions opened.

SEND THIS WITH YOUR ENTRY

Name.....Age.....

Address.....



THE GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15



fringing the road. "I'm going to carry you in there, to try and do something about your leg."

This she did, despite his protests, laying him down on soft grass and then going back to fetch Chula.

"You must leave me," he said again. "I can crawl, find help for myself. I know this area. Some ten miles away there is a Lamasery. The monks there will help me."

"A Buddhist Lamasery," Joan mused. "Would they help the Prince?"

"We can't be sure," Karim replied.

"You can't crawl ten miles," Joan said firmly. "I'll carry you—somehow."

"If only we had a boat," the old man sighed, after a pause. "Through the wood is a river, not far away. By river the journey would be much easier."

"Keep Chula by you," Joan told him. She handed him her knife. "Poor protection, but it's all we've got. I'm going to go to the river and see if there are any boats moored there. If so, we'll steal one. I've never stolen before, but I could count it in a good cause." She glanced at Chula. "On second thoughts, I'll take him with me. If he wakes up he may be a nuisance. Don't try and give me the slip, Karim. I'd easily catch up on you."

A GRIM JOURNEY.

BUT Joan didn't find a boat, and she lost her hat. Chula, awake, with his feelings against her forgotten, was in a playful mood. He snatched Joan's hat from her head and threw it in the river, and it was caught up on the strong current and taken away.

"That was very naughty," she told him crossly, but when his lips trembled and fear showed in his eyes, she added more gently, "Don't look like that, Chula. I'm not going to hit you. I did it before as—as—well, I just had to. Don't be scared of me."

They returned to Karim, and she managed to get him on her back, the old man biting hard into his lower lip to help him hold back the cries of pain. Then they set off. It was safer through the woods, but quicker by road, Karim told her, so by road they went.

Karim didn't weigh much, and Joan was a sturdy girl, but with each step he seemed to become heavier, and her stops for a rest became more frequent.

Chula grew fretful at having to walk, and his hold on her hand was heavy. Her unprotected head was beginning to throb with pain.

"The Lamasery!" she said at dusk,

with a groan of relief.

"Knock on the door, lay me down and run," Karim told her. "They must not see you."

She did as she was bade, then bent and brushed her lips against his withered cheek.

"Thank you," she said with a catch in her voice. "God bless you."

"Buddha be with you," he replied gravely. "And him." His eyes went to Chula. "You will save him. I feel it here."

He touched the region of his heart.

Joan and Chula reach the comparative safety of the woods, but still did not rest. The maps Karim had given her showed that if she followed the river she could cut off miles. So she walked, carrying Chula now and the pain in her head had become so bad that she was almost blinded by it.

"Must sit down," she muttered after a while. "Just for a moment."

The moments added up to minutes, the minutes passed and Chula grew fretful, pulling at her hand and asking for food and water. Joan made to speak to him but her lips wouldn't form the words. She slumped to the ground.

"Joan," Chula wailed, shaking her shoulder. "Wake up, Joan. Wake up."

He got no reply and wandered back the way they had come.

"Karim," he wept. "I'll get Karim!"

Can Chula reach safety alone? Find out NEXT WEEK.

A trying afternoon with some "sweet" old ladies.

HER WORSHIP WENDY

WHEN Wendy Shuttle's father, a widower, was elected Mayor of Chasebury, he appointed schoolgirl Wendy as Mayoress!

TODAY
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT A
REALLY BORING ENGAGEMENT
IS LIKE.

WHEN I VISIT THE CHASEBURY
WOMEN'S LEAGUE THIS AFTERNOON?
I'VE HEARD THAT THEY'RE ALL VERY
SWEET LADIES, BUT I EXPECT IT WILL
BE A JOB FOR ME TO STAY AWAKE.



IT'S REALLY HARD LUCK ON YOU, WENDY,
PARTICULARLY AS I SHALL HAVE SUCH AN
INTERESTING DAY ON MY VISIT TO THE
POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



At the Women's League.

IT'S VERY
KIND OF HER WORSHIP
WENDY TO COME AND JUDGE
THE ENTRIES IN OUR ANNUAL
COMPETITION. I'M SURE SHE
WILL BE A VERY
FAIR JUDGE.

WHAT A VERY
PLEASANT CROWD
THEY ARE.

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, WENDY,
HAVING TO TAKE ON A JOB LIKE THIS.
I ENVY NO-ONE THE TASK OF CHOOSING
THE PRIZEWINNERS.



THAT'S A STRANGE
THING TO SAY. I WONDER
WHAT SHE MEANS?

First Wendy had to choose the best
home-made jam.



NO-TRY
MINE FIRST!

TRY
MINE FIRST, MISS
WENDY. I'M SURE
YOU'LL LOVE
IT.

WELL I THINK THE
PRIZE MUST GO TO THIS ONE—
MRS TAYLOR'S.



SHE CHEATED! SHE
BOUGHT HER JAM IN A SHOP
YESTERDAY! HAVE ANOTHER
TASTE OF MINE!

UGH—IT TASTES
OF PARAFFIN!



SOMEBODY'S BEEN
AT MY JAM! THEY KNEW
I WOULD WIN THE
PRIZE!

Wendy quickly moved on to the
embroidery section.

DO YOU LIKE IT,
WENDY? YOU'LL NOTICE
I'VE EMBROIDERED YOUR
INITIALS ON IT!

I THOUGHT THEY
WERE JUST PLEASANT
OLD LADIES—BUT THEY'LL
STOP AT NOTHING TO
WIN A PRIZE!



BUT THIS IS FAR BETTER,
DON'T YOU THINK, WENDY? IT
HAS YOUR NAME ON IT—NOT JUST
YOUR INITIALS!



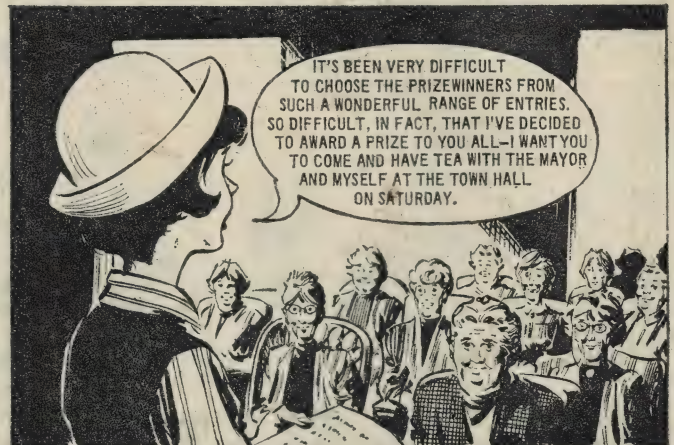
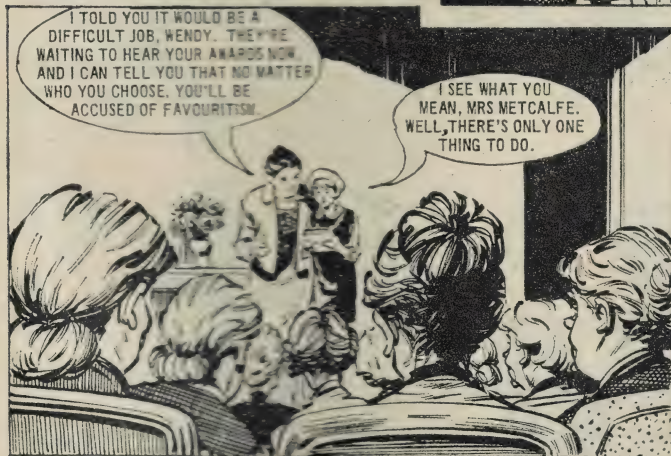
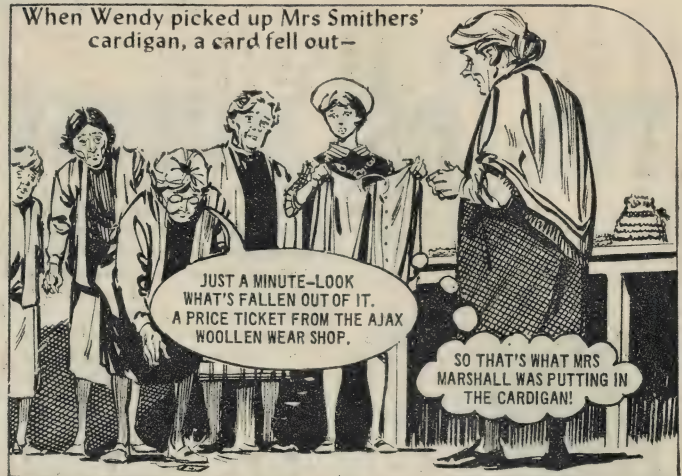
GOODNESS—THEY'RE
QUITE OPEN ABOUT TRYING
TO FLATTER ME INTO GIVING
THEM A PRIZE!

YOU WON'T FIND
BETTER THAN THAT, WILL
YOU?



HOW ON EARTH
CAN I AWARD PRIZES
WHEN THEY CARRY ON
LIKE THIS?





NEXT WEEK—A visitor brings trouble for Wendy.

The day of decision for Evvy!

THE RIDDLE OF THE LOST HEIRESS

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Evvy Collins had been bought from a fair by Joe and Bertha Castin, butler and housekeeper at Kenwood Hall, and was being passed off as the missing Lady Evelyn Kenwood. Evvy's memories of the past resembled Lady Evelyn's life before she was presumed drowned, and certain incidents that Evvy recalled of the Kenwood family suggested Evvy was really Evelyn Kenwood.

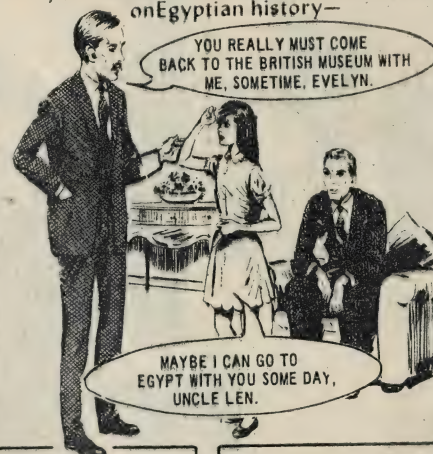
Now the Kenwood family were coming to Kenwood Hall—to decide whether or not Evvy WAS the lost heiress, and the Castins were leaving nothing to chance.



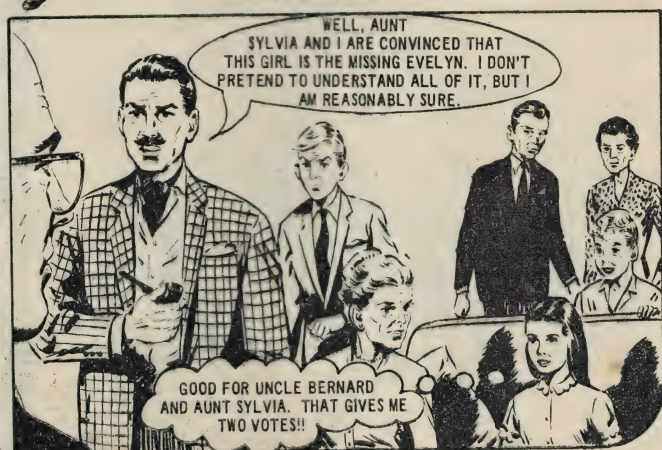
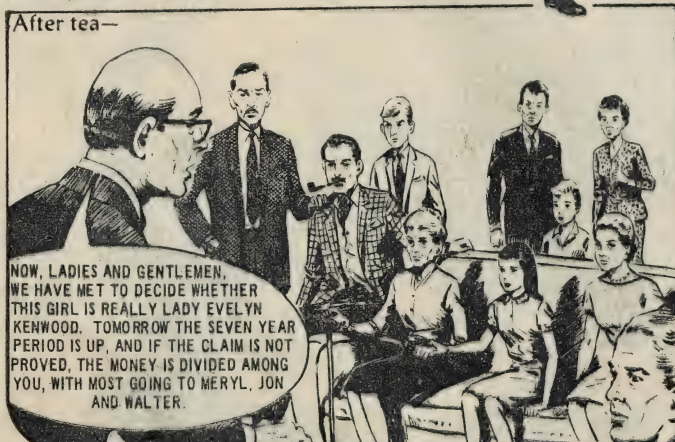
A family gathering of Kenwoods had been called by Mr Sedley, the lawyer—

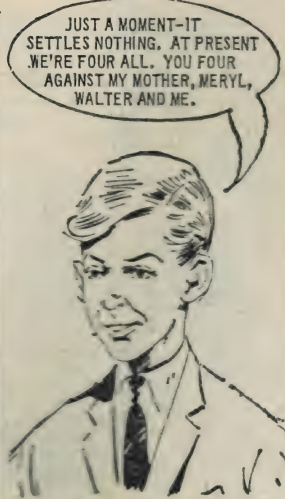


Evvy talked with Uncle Leonard, an expert on Egyptian history—

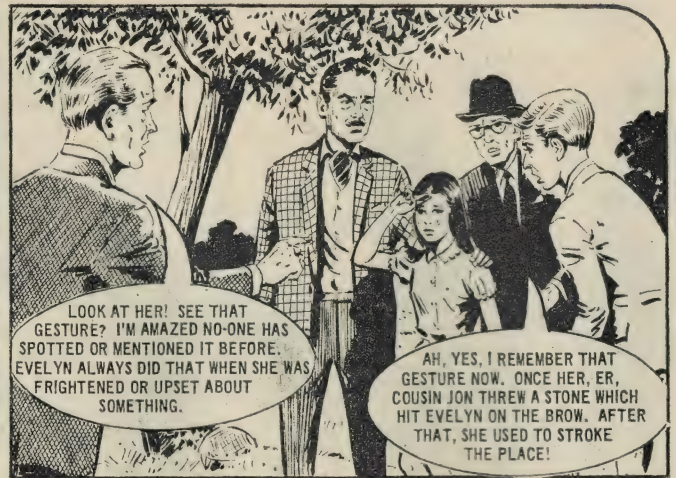


After tea—





An unexpected visitor!



Later—



Evvy threatens to tell the police of the Castins' scheme—NEXT WEEK.

A visit to Venice lands the Millers in hot—and cold water.

Hooray for the Holidays!



IF you've never been to Venice—I bet you've heard of it. It's that romantic city in Italy all on the water. There are no roads, no parking meters and no traffic jams. Everyone goes around in boats called gondolas, and people who live on the edge of the canals can open their windows and fish for breakfast.

Well, there are a few roads for the shops and things, of course. And you don't really fish out of your window because your fishing rod would only hit a gondolier and make him mad. And what happened to our family wasn't exactly romantic—or was it?

Dad, Mum, and I were spending a holiday touring the Continent with our battered old car and a tent. Half our luggage was lists and guide books and route maps, and half Dad's holiday was spent learning them by heart because he's a fiend for details.

Mum's time was spent sketching and doing water colours of the scenery, because she's the "arty" type, and when she's not sketching or painting she's dreaming about it, which means she forgets things.

My name's Debbie Miller. My holiday so far had been spent trying to dodge Dad when he started getting fussy, and trying to notice things Mum was going to forget. Like the dress she took to a cleaners in Florence, so that it would look smart again for Venice. The only trouble was, by the time I reminded her to collect it before we struck camp, the cleaners were closed, and we had to go on without it.

Dad finally decided we had enough lire for Mum to buy a new dress in Venice—which she thought would be a good place to buy one anyway because

Venice was bound to be a fashionable city.

And I must say it was a nice dress. Vivid lime green and very tight. Mum looked marvellous in it. Dad said the only trouble was he had noticed women's dresses were much shorter this summer, and even if Mum wasn't bothered much about fashion, Dad did like his wife to look up-to-date.

I agreed with him, but so as not to hurt Mum I tried to persuade Dad she was being extra smart—by letting down her mini-skirt to the even newer long-length before anyone else had thought of it. I winked at Dad, and he didn't want to hurt Mum either, so he said she looked quite charming.

So Mum wore her new dress when we decided to hire a gondola.

SIGHT-SEEING.

FIRST of all, Dad said, we must see St Mark's Square and the Doge's Palace, because they were recommended in his guide book.

While Mum and Dad were in the cathedral I wandered round the small streets looking at shops and things, and thought it would be fun to buy some creamy cakes to eat on the canal. They cost a fortune, and I was brandishing the bag of cakes when all the pigeons swarmed round me as we walked across St Mark's Square.

"Poor things," I thought, "they think I've bought them some corn."

Then I saw a man selling corn for the pigeons, and I spent the last of my money buying some.

I was just zipping up my purse again when one of the pigeons landed on my hand and instead of trying to eat the corn, he attacked the wrong bag, and all the beautiful creamy cakes fell

with a sickly splosh on to the ground.

A hundred pigeons, like a swarm of locusts, landed on the heap and devoured my cakes in a twinkling. After that I didn't think they deserved any corn, so I stuffed that bag into my pocket and went to find Mum and Dad.

"Do we row our own gondola?" I asked Dad on the way to the great crowds of tourists waiting to hire one.

"Nobody rows it," Dad said. "The gondolier uses a pole to punt it, because the canals aren't that deep. Punting's quite an art," he went on. "I used to be very good at it in my young day."

"He was good," Mum assured me. "We once went to Oxford and hired a punt on the Isis, and Dad punted me till we found a spot for a picnic." She sighed. "Those were the days, weren't they, George, dear?"

Dad looked at Mum's new lime green dress and said, "You don't seem a day older to me. We ought to go punting again one day."

Then we managed to find a gondola and a very handsome dark-haired gondolier, wearing a beautiful shirt; took Mum's hand and helped her into the boat. He half helped me in after, because he had a feeling I was about to jump in.

Dad climbed in cautiously after me and sat beside Mum and held her hand. Then the gondolier started off, dipping his pole in the water and pushing away, then letting it slide through his hands till he had the pole back again, and the gondola glided along.

"Dad," I asked, "why don't you ask if you could punt for a while? It looks easy."

"It is easy," Dad said dreamily, thinking obviously of his courting days with Mum again. "A little different

Drop the Editor a note about "Mandy"—he'll be glad to hear from you.



**DON'T MISS
THESE SUPER
NEW
STORIES!**



A BANK is robbed—and young Shirley Barton is the only witness! Read her exciting story in—
"SHIRLEY AND HER SHADOW."



WHAT is the secret of the dress that has a startling effect on all who wear it? The answer is in—
"THE DRESS OF DESTINY."

They start in "Mandy" NEXT WEEK

in one of these gondolas than a punt, I suppose. But the gondolier would never let me do his work for him."

"Don't see why not," I insisted, all for seeing Dad having a good time too. "Let's ask him."

"We don't know enough Italian," Dad said—almost too quickly. "And anyway—I'm sure it isn't the right thing."

But now Mum had taken up the idea, too.

"Oh, George," she cooed, looking all dreamy, "it would be fun!"

Dad was beginning to look trapped.

"Just for old times' sake," Mum begged.

Dad got up carefully from his seat and climbed over to the other end of the long gondola. He tapped the gondolier on the shoulder just as he was pulling out his long pole, and held on to it.

The gondolier looked cross until he saw Mum begging him with her eyes and clasping her hands together. None of us knew the right Italian, but I managed "per favore," which I knew meant "please," and Mum managed "Si, si," and when the gondolier shrugged his shoulders and looked puzzled she added, "non, non" for good measure.

Then Mum got up from her seat and climbed along to join Dad and the gondolier. She took the gondolier's hand gently away from the pole and put Dad's hand firmly on it, and smiled her sweetest smile.

Dad grinned nervously at Mum and hung on to the pole tight with two clenched fists while he stood at the end of the boat the way the gondoliers do. Mum took the gondolier's arm and pointed to one of the seats, and the man waved his hands in despair, spoke six very rapid chapters of Italian and sat down.

I was leaning forward to congratulate Mum when suddenly the boat seemed to shoot forward like some-

thing jet propelled, and I was flung on to my face on the floor of the gondola, and there was a rattle of tiny bullets all around me.

"We're being shot at," I thought, wondering if I dare put my head up, or if I'd be pelted with bullets again. "Somebody must have mistaken Dad for a pirate."

Then I heard the gondolier letting forth another burst of six Italian chapters, and I looked up to see he was standing over me, waving his arms and shouting and pointing to the floor of his gondola.

Then I knew what the noise was. As I shot forward, all the corn I hadn't given the pigeons had fallen out of my pocket and bounced all over the gondola, and the gondolier was furious—and rightly so—at the mess I had made of his boat.

But why had I shot forward? The gondola didn't seem to be moving at all now! We were parked in the middle of the canal.

I looked at Dad. He was standing at the end of the gondola, his hands over his eyes. At least twenty yards away from us, sticking erect and alone in the water, was the gondola pole!

Dad looked up.

"It isn't at all like punting on the Isis," he said. "Where's my phrase book? I think I should tell the poor man I'm sorry."

But the gondolier was now beside himself with rage, jumping up and down and shrieking. Mum thought he might fight Dad, and since Dad was in a precarious position on the edge of the gondola, she leapt up and tried to rush to his side.

"Mind the corn!" I yelled.

Too late! Mum skidded on the corn and fell hard on her seat. She got up again quickly and tried to race the gondolier to Dad. I wanted to defend the Miller side, too, and I tried to push Mum to one side and get past her.

A SINKING FEELING.

MY push must have been harder than I meant, or else Mum had lost her balance on the corn again. Next thing there was a shriek of, "Help! Quick, George!" and Mum was floundering in the water.

Luckily the gondola didn't tip over. Dad was at my side in a twinkling, leaning over and grabbing Mum before she went under. The gondolier sobbed "bella mia" and tried to grab Mum too. Between the two of them they hauled her, smelly and bedraggled, back into the gondola.

At the same time, there was a shout from a passing gondola, and somebody very carefully passed back our long pole which they had rescued.

Dad didn't offer to take the pole again. And the gondolier didn't suggest it either. He went back to his usual place and sang a beautiful, romantic song while the gondola glided down the canal again; and Dad wrapped Mum in a rug he found on the seat, to keep her warm.

Mum recovered all right. But the dress didn't. Or rather, it depends on which way you look at it. It had to be washed and pressed, and when Mum next put it on it was way, way above her knees like the very miniest of mini-skirts, and Dad said he had never seen Mum look so lovely.

"Next time," Mum said, "I suppose I should look to see if a dress is washable or not. This one certainly isn't."

"I like it that way," Dad answered. "And when we get back to England I want to take you on a punt at Oxford again. Like we did in our young days."

The Millers are living high when they're stuck 2000 feet up in the Alps—NEXT WEEK.

Something To Make— Something Worth Making

Send for a **FREE** illustrated leaflet showing you all the things you can make with **HARMIGE** Real Leather Sets.

Ask your toy or handicraft dealer to show you the **HARMIGE** range and write to us **NOW** for your **FREE** leaflet. We will also give you the name of your nearest **HARMIGE** stockist.

Write to

Harris & Midgley Ltd.

SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LEICESTER.

The tell-tale trinket.

LONELY BALLERINA

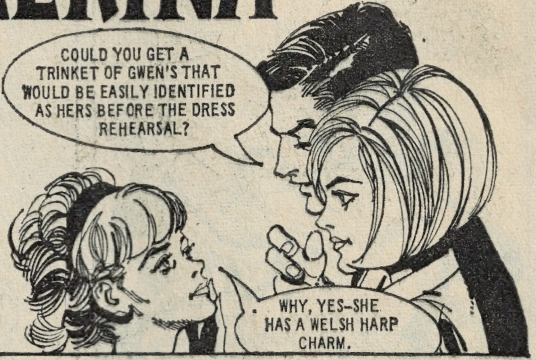


GWEN JONES, a young Welsh girl, had won a place in the famous Slavonia Ballet School of Moscow. Her brilliant but highly-individual style had won the approval of the Director, Igor Zoritch. But Novik, a lesser official, wished to become Director, and he and his wife were plotting to use Gwen to discredit Zoritch. They gained the help of Alicia Birkenshaw, a jealous young dancer, who did not realise the Noviks' true aim.

Gwen, meanwhile, had been chosen as understudy to Kolochina, the prima ballerina.

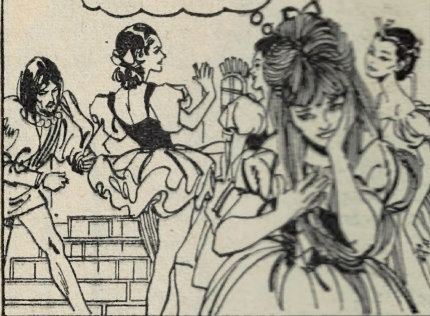
COULD YOU GET A TRINKET OF GWEN'S THAT WOULD BE EASILY IDENTIFIED AS HERS BEFORE THE DRESS REHEARSAL?

WHY, YES—SHE HAS A WELSH HARP CHARM.



Two days later, the dress rehearsal began, but Gwen was worried.

I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE FEELING OF APPROACHING DISASTER. BUT WHY?



Kolochina, the prima ballerina, made her first entrance up a small flight of stairs.

THE STEPS! DON'T MOVE!



YOU ARE SAFE!

BUT, GWEN...



THIS HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH. THE MAIN BOLTS HAVE BEEN UNSCREWED AND WITHDRAWN.



WHAT IS THAT TRINKET ON THE FLOOR?

SHE'S CAUSED OUR PLAN TO MISFIRE AGAIN, BUT I MAY SAVE IT YET.



WHY, IT'S MINE! HOW DID IT COME TO BE THERE?

I CAN TELL YOU. YOU DROPPED IT WHEN YOU TAMPERED WITH THOSE BOLTS. YOU MEANT KOLOCHINA TO BE HURT SO THAT YOU COULD TAKE HER PLACE. BUT AT THE LAST MINUTE YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR NERVE.



This was a shock to Alicia.

SO THAT'S WHY THE NOVIKS MADE ME STEAL GWEN'S HARP! THEY DREW THOSE BOLTS AND PLANTED THE EVIDENCE. I DARE NOT DENOUNCE THEM OR I SHALL BE INVOLVED TOO.



THE FEELING CAME TO ME THAT KOLOCHINA WAS GOING INTO DANGER.

DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE?



The unseen watcher.

Igor Zoritch came to inquire into the disturbance.

IF KOLOCHINA IS UNHURT THE REHEARSAL MUST CONTINUE. AFTERWARDS AN INQUIRY WILL BE HELD.

IF NOVIK'S ALLEGATIONS ARE RIGHT AND GWEN IS GUILTY I SHALL BE IN TROUBLE. I MAY EVEN HAVE TO RESIGN.

As well as being Kolochina's understudy, Gwen was dancing with the corps de ballet.

IT'S LIKE HOT KNIVES STABBING MY SIDE AND SHOULDER, AND MY MIND'S SO UPSET I CAN HARDLY THINK OF THE STEPS. BUT I MUST KEEP DANCING.

But at the end of the scene—

SHE HAS FAINTED. AND LOOK AT THAT BRUISE!

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN HURT BY THOSE STEPS.

Gwen came round in hospital.

AM I ILL? WILL IT EFFECT MY DANCING? WHAT ABOUT THAT INQUIRY?

GENTLY, GENTLY. YOU'VE HAD A BAD SHOCK AND SEVERE BRUISING. I SHALL GIVE ORDERS THAT YOU ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED FOR SEVERAL DAYS. YOU'RE BOUND TO FEEL STIFF AFTER THIS.

For a day Gwen tried to obey. But she could not stop worrying over the inquiry and also over her stiffness. At last—

I CAN'T LIE STILL ANY LONGER. IT'S MY EXERCISES I'M NEEDING.

Just at that moment, Kolochina was about to visit Gwen.

I MUST SEE THE POOR GIRL. EVEN IF SHE WAS GUILTY, SHE HURT HERSELF SAVING ME. I'LL OPEN THE DOOR QUIETLY IN CASE SHE'S ASLEEP.

SHE'S BLACK AND BLUE—SHE MUST BE IN AGONY—AND YET SHE'S PERSISTING WITH HER EXERCISES!

THE CHILD IS DRIVEN BY SOMETHING HIGHER THAN MERE AMBITION. SHE HAS THAT EXTRA SENSE OF THE TRUE ARTIST. I CAN BELIEVE THAT SHE DID HAVE A PREMONITION, A WARNING ABOUT THOSE STEPS.

Leaving Gwen undisturbed, Kolochina went to see Igor Zoritch and explained her feelings.

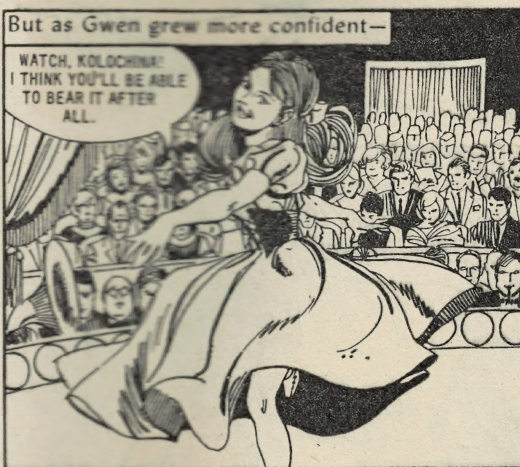
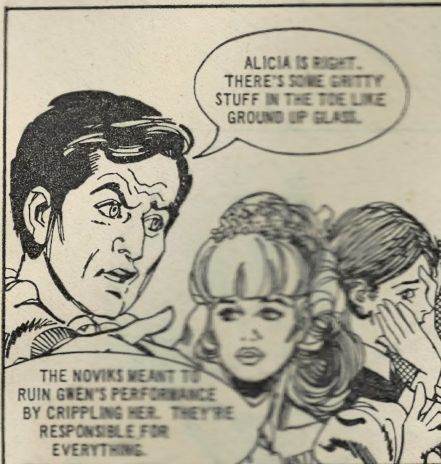
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T REFUSE THIS INQUIRY. AND NOVIK WILL INSIST BECAUSE HE STANDS TO GAIN MY PLACE IF GWEN IS PRONOUNCED GUILTY. THERE ARE PLenty OF PEOPLE WHO THINK THAT I RISKED THE SLAVONIA'S REPUTATION BY PROMOTING GWEN SO RAPIDLY.

THE INQUIRY MUST BE DELAYED UNTIL GWEN IS WELL ENOUGH. BEFORE THAT, SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN WHICH MAY HELP HER.

Several days later—

DRESS QUICKLY. YOU ARE TO GO TO THE OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR, IGOR ZORITCH.

THIS IS IT! NOW I'M RECOVERED I'M GOING TO BE DISMISSED, PERHAPS IMPRISONED. WELL, I'LL DANCE EVEN THERE!



The End

STARTS NEXT WEEK—the story of Shirley Barton—the girl with the second shadow.

* *
Continued from front cover.

